

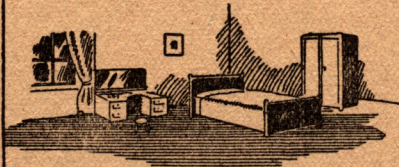
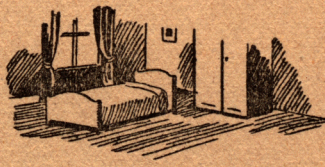



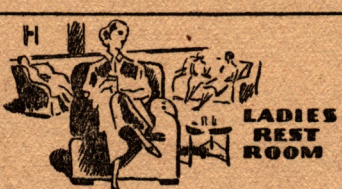
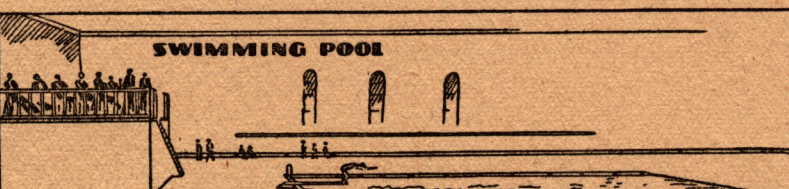
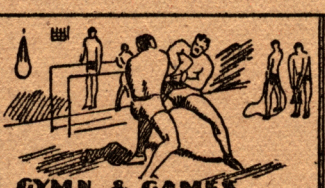




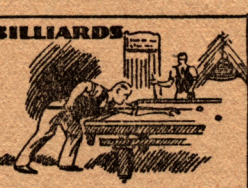
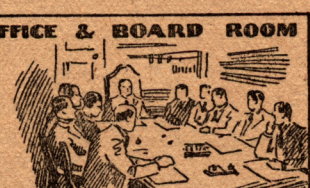

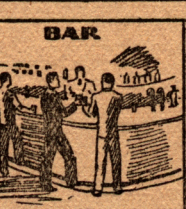

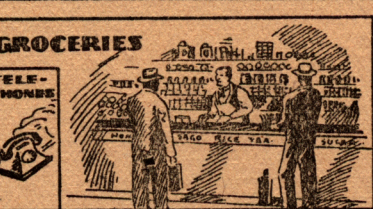

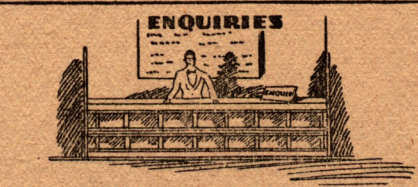
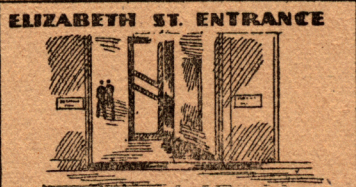
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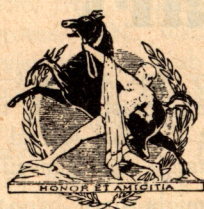
The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 8. October, 1943.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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Established 14th May,
1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

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F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

THE war news is heartening; but the war news as highlighted by colourful reports and bold displays in the newspapers is something different from the war position.

The real story is that the Allies are approaching the toughest of their trials. Churchill and Roosevelt and their military advisers are not offering long odds on a speedy collapse of the Hitlerites. These leaders speak rather of a deepening crisis, hopefully, but not gustily.

"Service" remains the watchword. You can't dispose of this in a splutter of good intentions. Resolution must mean action. Keep behind the war effort of your club. On the occasions when it appeals roll up, and part up.

So far you have responded splendidly. Keep it up.

The Club Man's Diary

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS: 4th, Messrs. W. C. Goodwin, K. J. Patrick and L. C. Wicks; 5th, Mr. F. P. Robinson; 6th, Messrs. E. W. Bell and S. V. Toose; 7th, Mr. P. F. Miller; 9th, Ald. S. S. Crick; 14th, Messrs. A. Leslie Cooper and H. Townend; 17th Mr. T. D. Mutch; 21st, Mr. E. R. Deveridge; 22nd, Mr. D. S. Orton; 27th, Mr. A. J. Moverley; 31st, Captain J. Bartlett.

* * *

I SAW HIM crouching underneath a tree in the saddling paddock, his coat collar drawn tightly about his neck, as the raindrops splashed all around. He was the fellow who had sat opposite me during the tram journey from town to the club's September meeting and described all persons (including me) who carried umbrellas on such a day as "pessimists."

This chap had peculiar slants on meteorology—by the way, he had not heard of Inigo Jones—and ended up by offering to lay a shade of odds "no rain."

As we prepared to alight I said: "Pardon, but were your remarks addressed to me expressly or were they intended for general enlightenment?" He answered: "I'm broadminded, mate. Anybody's welcome to the benefit of what I say." "Good," I acknowledged. "In return I'll give you the winner of the Tramway—Jupiter Pluvius." He pondered, then said: "Can't remember that horse, but I'll look him up in the racebook." "Do," I advised, "he's by Umbrella out of Hall Stand."

So we parted with everyone in our compartment in good humour.

* * *

When Hall Stand rushed to the lead in that race, and I had another going, the joke seemed to be on me. Further, I began to think of how many times I had knocked over the hall stand through over-caution. Nemesis, indeed had overtaken me.

Shouts signalling the oncoming of Dewar switched my thoughts, awakening me to the reality that I had a horse carrying my wager—where was he? Just running what the sporting scribes describe as a mud-dling race.

An American Serviceman who sat next me said that he had had a season in New Guinea. "Then you backed Jungle King?" I suggested. "Boy," he replied, "the elements have tipped Lagoon. I have put five quid on it." "How many dollars might that be?" I inquired. "Don't know," he answered, "you work it out."

Then, as an afterthought, he asked: "Would the books here take dollars?" "Not the books of this generation," I assured him. "Sometimes they take phoney £5 notes, though." He smiled. "Do they take double-headed pennies?" he asked. "Look here," I said, "let's have a showdown. Am I pulling your leg or are you pulling mine?"

* * *

Then my American got serious. He asked: "Why didn't Australians have dirt tracks; why don't we race irrespective of the weather; why don't we adopt the system of deciding the finish by the camera? All those things happened in America," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "and so does crooning and baseball." "Look here," he put in, "let's see this race out in peace, and I'll buy you a drink. Otherwise we'll sure start another war in the Pacific."

When we breasted the bar it was up to me. "Give it a name," I asked. "Entente cordials for me," he replied, and on that clever play of words we drank.

During our conversation before the race I had told the American that Mr. John O'Dea, who had an uncanny knack of picking long-priced winners, had backed Jungle King.

"Was your friend in the paratroops?" the American cracked. "Maybe he thinks that horse has the drop on the field."

After he had gone I began to wonder what my American might have been in civil life. . . . No, he was too spontaneously humorous to be either Bob Hope or Jack Benney in disguise. He wasn't a movie star, either; he was merely a soldier.

* * *

Tribal cleaned up the Chelmsford field early and, as on this occasion

my money was all right—if you'll pardon my boasting—I turned to watch the race for second place between Katanga and Rimveil.

What might have happened with Goose Boy in the field may be only conjectured. In the official stand was its owner, Col. Rutledge. He might have stepped out of the picture of 20 years ago, so lightly has time dealt with him. The majority cannot claim such benevolence. Personally, I consider that I have good cause to issue a writ against time. But Col. Rutledge, at worst, has had to contend against droughts and rabbits. I have had to treat with the Great Public, suffering its sideshows and reporting its prattle. No wonder that I have a thatch coloured like Tribal's coat!

* * *

Dave Craig sported a flaming carnation. "This is the time," I mused, "to bring him and Fred Wilson together. Dave knows how to wear the flowers, and Fred knows how to grow them. Elegance and soil and stakes and labels—what a discussion, could I have arranged the meeting!"

* * *

Frank Underwood might have inquired why so many persons were complaining as they wrung themselves dry under the trees like so many roosters retrieved from a flood. Why, there was the day when Pirates met Randwick at football on Sydney Cricket Ground, back in the 'nineties. Frank, as one of the players, recalled that the ground was so flooded that seagulls obstructed the game. That's history. Beach and Hanlan might have rowed the course on that day.

* * *

One of a group of losers which assembled at the bar told this story by way of cheering up everybody: A woman had backed the winner of a big race on her dreams. Thrice she dreamt that No. 7 had won. "Three sevens," she said, "are 24." So her money went on No. 24, the winner.

"Sometimes the ladies count that way at Bridge," another member of the party put in.

George Chiene told of having received a letter from Lieut. Commander Bill Groves, R.N., well-remembered as a visitor to the club when he was associated with the good ship Cathay in peacetime. He has been in many seas since then. Bill wrote that he had met Maurice Tait and Maurice Leyland. Both are in the forces. They wished to be remembered kindly to Australians. For certain, Australians remember them kindly.

The skill of Collins as an opening batsman taking strike in Test matches was demonstrated on many occasions, but never more notably than on the morning of a Test match when he manoeuvred to keep Ponsford away from the bowling of Tait until the first wicket partnership had produced a respectable total. It was a Collins-Tate battle with each in his grimmest mood.

* * *

Inquiries about absent friends were answered on the course: Jim Norrmoyle, part owner of Veiled Threat, at a battle station in another state with the rank of Pilot Officer. Others at battle stations are Lt. Sligo (formerly of Inverell), Capt. Livingstone (formerly of Moree), Sapper R. E. (Dick) Mills, brother of Major "Toby" Mills, and Les Wilson (formerly of Dubbo).

A visitor to the club from a battle station, and who had hoped that leave might permit of his attending the meeting, was Lieut. P. J. (Jack) Foley, nephew of the late Alf Foley, and elder brother of Fred, also in the forces.

Jack Foley and Jack Scully were playmates in boyhood. When they met in the club the present-day owner-trainer said: "I remember the time when many were after Jack Foley to ride their horses." He referred to Jack's great days in the saddle.

He rode Cider to victory in the Derby and the Champagne Stakes of 1912. He rode the winners of three Challenge Stakes and the winners of two Carringtons. He rode Alured to victory in Tattersall's Cup in 1914. His Carrington winners were Melotoi (1911) and Malt Mark (1914). He brought Poi Dance home by a whisker in one of his Challenge victories. Jack

rode in Queensland and at Townsville had seven mounts and landed seven winners.

Brother Fred won the Carrington on Ballarang (1916), the Futurity on Ballarang (1917), Melbourne Cup on Sasanof (1916), Tattersall's Cup on Poitrel (1918), Oakleigh Plate on Tullia (1916).

* * *

The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill), speaking first unofficially as a racegoer, said that he had enjoyed the meeting, but regretted that the rain hadn't timed its run for later in the evening after the crowds had got

AFFILIATED CLUBS

Century Club, Panama, U.S.A.

Denver Athletic Club, Denver, U.S.A.

Lake Shore Club of Chicago, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles Athletic Club:—

Pacific Coast Club.

Hollywood Athletic Club.

Riviera Country Club.

Santa Monica Deauville Club.

Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

home. However, racing patrons took these things as part of the day, cheerfully.

Speaking officially as Chairman, Mr. Hill said that the attendance was gratifying in point of numbers in view of the fact that, as previously, the net profit would benefit war charities. Tattersall's Club, he said, felt itself privileged in making this and preceding contributions to the good cause, along with the proceeds from further enterprises staged from time to time in the club, which was committed to carry on the good work and was faithfully keeping its pact with patriotism.

SPRING SONG

The deuce it's Spring! . . . Everywhere there is chatter of Spring doubles, but more arresting is the blooming of my band new azaleas—they shimmer in the early sunshine—also the red rose that, climbing over a Trojan wall, might have rivalled the cheek of Helen; and the canopy of pink o'erlaying the formerly stark peach trees; the general burgeoning—a recrudescence rather than a change of colour.

What's more, the cooing of doves, strange notes floating through my office window above the grinding footsteps, above the grime and the gusts of the pavements; a shattering din impels me to look out of my window—it's a sailor singing horribly but happily "Sweet Adeline"; a good thing, I muse, that I can shut off all distraction merely by mental effort, wrap myself in silence and carry on with the thinking.

A journalist friend 'phones at 11 a.m. inviting me to have a cup of coffee and take a stroll in the Botanic Gardens, as he says: "To see Spring being born."

With truth I answer: "Sorry, but I am writing an analysis of the Federal Budget—heaven help me!"

My friend, a poetic fellow, replies that a Budget is the handicraft of man. Spring is the creation of God. It is for me to remain earthy of the earth earthy or be exalted.

"Boy," I say, "I'm sorry, but if Mendelssohn himself were to appear with grand piano on the pavement below and promise to play his 'Spring Song,' I couldn't pause to listen. I must get back to my Budget."

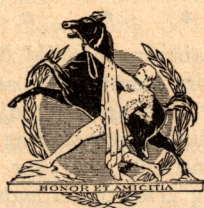
"Fancy introducing Budgets in Springtime!" he shouted and slammed down the receiver.

* * *

Killed in an aircraft accident, Boyd Wolf, the only son of our club member, Percy Wolf. Here is another young and precious life given in the service of his country, and our remembrance should be grateful.

As a scholar of Knox Grammar School, Boyd Wolf had earned distinction. He was in premier class as an athlete. A sense of sportsmanship was as natural to his character as a sense of service. He played the game

(Continued on Page 5.)



TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

The Committee has reviewed the question of visitors and now finds it possible to increase members' privileges by allowing four extra dinner guests per month.

Therefore, as and from 1st October, 1943, members may invite six guests per month, provided that not less than four of them are guests for dinner only.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

27th September, 1943

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

as zestfully and as courageously in the sterner environment as on school fields. He gave in full measure of that "greater love" of which the Good Book tells.

* * *

At one time there was almost as much questioning about who designed the Sydney Harbour Bridge as there had been previously about "who won the war."

The passing of Dr. Bradfield recalled the controversy which had its unhappy—even ungenerous—aspects, probably because of the emphasis laid on behalf of the English consulting engineer to the English contractors on his claim to recognition as the designer.

Nobody disputed the fact that Dr. Bradfield had worked out all the mighty calculations associated with stresses and strains—a mathematical marathon. As befitted a gentleman, he declined to enter the controversial lists.

When he passed, the "Sydney Morning Herald"—usually fearless and just, as befits a journal of its tradition and distinction—wrote this tribute to Dr. Bradfield: "When a controversy arose as to whether he was the actual designer of the Sydney bridge, he refrained from publishing certain facts and papers which, in his view, and in that of the Public Works Department, might have established his claim to that achievement."

* * *

I happen to know a good deal about the fight to have the bridge built, because I was in the thick of it as a newspaperman. That's another story, all of which cannot be told at this stage, but some of which I may write in due course. The inside history, as I know it, would make up into a best seller—but not yet a while.

* * *

There was another and later bridge that brought me headaches. My newspaper's campaign was to have the toll removed. The task of vilifying those in opposition fell to me, and my instructions were to say it in verse. Having a day off on the morrow, I wrote three poisonous

stanzas before leaving that evening. They made the first edition but, before the next edition, the scene had changed somewhat.

When the news editor, at the editor's instruction, 'phoned me at my home I was gardening. He made formal apologies for the intrusion, explained why the first-edition stuff was of no further use, then said calmly: "Write three more verses along the lines suggested. Get down to it at once. We mustn't miss the next edition."

Without shaking the sand from my shoes I snatched pencil and paper,

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SUPPORTS

73

AUSTRALIAN

PRISONERS OF WAR

propped myself against a barrow in the back yard and, happily, captured the mood. Then I dictated the verse over the 'phone and went back to my gardening.

* * *

An appended cutting from the "S.M. Herald," cabled from London, speaks volumes for the Englishman's keenness in the sport of Kings even in wartime, and gives a line on English character which mystifies probably all but the English. However, the English took all Hitler could give them at the outset and still played their games and staged their race meetings. Now, they are hitting back like the Furies and are still according sport its proper place in war effort. Here is the cable:

LONDON, Sept. 17 (A.A.P.).—*Choicely-bred yearlings from the best sires attracted a large attendance at the bloodstock sales at Newmarket. The day's aggregate was 139,625*

guineas, representing an average of 727 guineas, the highest since 1935.

The highest price to-day was 8,000 guineas for the filly by Hyperion (son of Gainsborough) from Celestial Way, by Fairway. A filly by Hyperion from Silver Birch by Blandford realised 7,100 guineas, and a filly by Blue Peter (son of Fairway) from Rosegain by Gainsborough sold for 6,100 guineas.

* * *

George Murtough, member of this club and of the committee of the Rosebery Racing Club, has been advised that his son, Flight Officer Geoffrey B. Murtough, has been awarded the D.F.C. Co-incident with the receipt of this news came a message from the airman himself, announcing his marriage in London.

Apart from the particular episode which gained him his high distinction, this gallant young Australian, a former scholar of St. Aloysius' College, Milson's Point, has figured in many grim slogging matches high in the skies and shown generally that "the southern breed can play the game for keeps." He has three brothers in the A.I.F.

The grandfather of these great lads was a foundation committeeman of Rosebery Racing Club and a contemporary of Jerome Dowling.

* * *

Another to win the D.F.C. is Pilot Officer Reg Dolden, son of club member John Dolden. The citation says: "He has displayed courage and tenacity of the highest order," and it refers also to "hazardous work, the success of which was vital to certain land operations."

We are privileged to chronicle the epic gallantry of both those young airmen and to offer to them and their parents our hearty congratulations.

* * *

Mr. G. G. Kiss, who died at Yass on Sept. 19, in his 81st year, had shared with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Hardie, the distinction of being oldest member of this club in terms of years of membership. He was elected on May 28, 1884, more than 59 years ago. Mr. Kiss was elected an honorary life member on March 16, 1936. He had lived a full and honourable life and his memory among sportsmen is monumental.

(Continued on Page 7.)

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

SPRING MEETING

1943

OCTOBER 9th, 16th and 23rd

(To be held on RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

FIRST DAY, 9th OCTOBER.

(Principal Races.)

- The Breeders' Plate**, of £1,300 added, Five Furlongs. (For two-year-old Colts and Geldings.)
- The Craven Plate**, of £1,300 added, One Mile and a Quarter. (Standard Weight-for-age.)
- The Shorts**, of £1,000 added, Seven Furlongs.
- The Clibborn Stakes**, of £1,000 added, One Mile and a Quarter. (For three-year-olds. Highest handicap weight 9st. 5lb.)

SECOND DAY, 16th OCTOBER.

(Principal Races.)

- The Gimcrack Stakes**, of £1,300 added, Five Furlongs. (For two-year-old Fillies.)
- The Colin Stephen Stakes**, of £1,300 added, One Mile and a Half. (Standard Weight-for-age.)
- The A.J.C. Derby**, of £5,000 added, One Mile and a Half.
- The Epsom Handicap**, of £2,500 added, One Mile.

THIRD DAY, 23rd OCTOBER.

(Principal Races.)

- The Canonbury Stakes**, of £1,000 added, Five Furlongs. (For two-year-old Colts and Geldings which have not won a race at time of starting.)
- The Widden Stakes**, of £1,000 added, Five Furlongs. (For two-year-old Fillies which have not won a race at time of starting.)
- The Chester Handicap**, of £1,000 added, Six Furlongs.
- The Metropolitan**, of £4,000 added, One Mile and Five Furlongs.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.

Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 5.)

Noting the year 1884, I rescued from among my scraps a cutting reporting that Sydney "Daily Telegraph" in that year published this item: "Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., interviewed in New York on his return from Panama, gave it as his opinion that M. de Lessep's canal scheme was impracticable."

Probably had anyone mentioned to Capt. Pim the possibility of one of His Majesty's Ships of the Line being sunk by a submarine or a bombing plane within the next half century, he would have described the prophet as being an idiot or a "demned furriner."

* * *

The death of Mr. W. H. Cawsey on Sept. 24 lost to this club one who was held in the highest esteem for his frank and friendly nature. He was a good fellow in the best sense of the expression; a thoroughgoing sportsman.

* * *

I don't know that any of us should be over-optimistic about the peace following the victories in Europe and in the Pacific—diplomacy is historically unpredictable—but the pessimists drive me to fury. They talk trouble and more trouble—trouble in the case of a stalemate, trouble in post-war reconstruction, trouble in applying Article 7 of the Atlantic Charter. I take refuge in Housman:

The troubles of our proud and angry dust

*Are from eternity and shall not fail;
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.*

Shoulder the sky, my lad, and pass the ale.

* * *

The story has been told me from the inside of the wiles of a colonel in charge of two camps—one located near the fleshpots of Sydney, the other stowed away "somewhere in Australia." It is the colonel's habit to banish the bad boys outback.

When a cook for a good reason—which needn't have been domestic—wanted to leave Sydney behind, he confided in one of the ranks. It so happened that in due course a break-

fast dish was served not to the liking of the colonel. Determining to discipline the culprit, he called a parade of cooks.

"Step out the rankers' cook," he bawled. Addressing that fellow the Colonel asked: "What did you give the ranks for breakfast?" and the answer: "Steak and onions, sir." Then,—"Step out the sergeants' cook. . . . What did you give the sergeants for breakfast?"—and the answer: "Steak and onions, sir." Finally, "Step out the officers' cook." . . . "What did you give the officers for breakfast?"—and the answer: "Tinned beans, sir."

"H'm," snapped the colonel,—“prepare to travel within half an hour!”

* * *

I met in the city recently Harold Judd, Rugby Union international of the early nineteen hundreds. He told me that he had been tackled heavily by rheumatism. "But the doctor says I'll be all right as long as I keep warm," he added cheerfully.

As the day was bitter and Harold was not wearing an overcoat I remarked on its absence. "Oh," he answered, "I never could suffer being wrapped up."

* * *

Many know that at one stage in his sporting career Bert Bowser was a first-rate professional runner, but few are aware that he holds the Royal Humane Society's certificate for bravery—awarded in his early boyhood in recognition of his rescue of a person from a flooded river in N.Z.

Nowadays, Bert delights in having a tilt at the ring. In his bookmaking days in Newcastle he once advertised in the local newspaper that he didn't want any new clients; he couldn't handle the old ones—at least, that's the story.

* * *

I had believed that the pronunciation of Fermanagh had been established as "Fermana" once Albert Maher had given it the native inflexion. At a recent meeting, however, a broadcaster kept referring to the horse as "Fer-man-ah," and his mate in the studio delivered himself in these terms:—"Fer-man-ah, which some people call Fermana, showed up, and Fer-man-ah . . ."

F'r' th' love o' Moike!

In proof that they sometimes kiss and tell read this from the "A.B.C. Weekly":

An Air Vice-Marshal was walking through a park in Winnipeg (Canada) when he saw a girl wearing an Australian forage cap. Intrigued, he asked her how she had come by her headgear. She said she had been given it in exchange for a kiss, and told him the name of the culprit.

Soon after this he was reviewing a group of air trainees in another Canadian town.

"Any complaints to make?" he asked them.

"Yes, sir," said one of the fliers, stepping forward. "I can't get a forage cap anywhere."

"Is your name X? It is? Well, I saw your cap in a certain park in Winnipeg last week," said the Air Marshal, with a twinkle in his eyes. The lad retired in guilty and embarrassed silence.

* * *

Probably there would be less passion for rationing if our rulers turned more to Oriental philosophy. Li Hung Chang, one of the wisest men of the nineteenth century, wrote:

Of what benefit is it to retire early to save candlepower if the result be twins?

KEEP YOUR HAIR ON!



Stimulate its growth and keep it healthy with

McMahon's. Easy and economical, quickly effective in cases of falling hair, alopecia patches, scalp dryness, dandruff and cradle cap.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

5

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(Incorporated in England)

THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF
NATIONS.

- Over £100,000,000 subscribed to Government War Loans since the outbreak of war.
- Over 12,000 members of the Staff are in the Forces.

G. J. M. BEST, F.C.I.I., General Manager for Australia and N.Z.
F. D. FOSKEY, A.C.I.I., Assistant Manager for Australia and N.Z.
R. C. CHAPPLE, F.A.I.I., Agency Manager for Australia and N.Z.
L. W. OFFORD, F.I.A., Actuary for Australia and New Zealand.

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The Sport Round in America

With Grantland Rice

SPORT'S TOP GAMBLE.

The punter may think that he is tackling sturdy odds at 11 per cent., but these are thistledown compared to those faced by the horse buyer or the horse owner at a yearling sale.

Especially those who reach into the higher brackets.

Buying a yearling is the top gamble of sport. The odds are beyond all belief—taken either way.

For example, New Broom went for 75,000 dols. at Saratoga—and never won a race.

Alsab sold for 500 dols.—and may easily pass the 300,000 dol. mark.

Hustle On had a 70,000 dol. tag attached to his flying feet—and never even started.

Seabiscuit was bought for 7,500 dols.—and won over 400,000 dols.

Broadway Limited was a 65,000 dol. grab—and Broadway Limited never won.

Whirlaway was a product of Calumet stables, costing nothing—and all he could win was something better than half a million.

Count Fleet could have been taken away to another stable for some 5,000 dols.—and now he is the big money winner of 1943.

Cocopet was a 900 dol. buy—and he is now on his way to the 200,000 dol. or better mark.

That's the way it has gone—and the way it will go.

You can kick in with 75,000 dols.—and get nothing back, or you can kick in with 500 or 1,000 dols.—and get 200,000 dols. back.

GREATEST OF THESE IS MODESTY.

Did you ever see three great competitors get together who had never met before? I mean the top headliners. Within the last few days we scrambled around to bring this about. A 100 to 1 shot.

Their names happen to be Willie Hoppe, Carl Hubbell and Earl Sande.

Here are three of the all-time tops in three widely scattered professions—billiards, baseball and racing.

Having known these three men for many years—having watched them in championship competitions for over two decades—I was interested to see just what they had in common.

Skill? Courage? Ability? Form? Style? They had all of these elements. Only normal elements.

But they had something more. A rare commodity. An almost lost virtue. Plus, of course, the winning art of concentration.

They had the rare gift of modesty. They have a gift of shyness and of subdued friendliness.

None of the three—as many headlines as they have made—seem to think they are important.

The Duffer's Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Gladly I've lived and gladly die,
Far from this world of strife.
Here be the lines you write for me,
"Here he lies where he wants to
be,
Here he lies by the 19th tee,
Where he's lied all through his
life."

To my mind this is the top gift, when you take into consideration so many fourflushers and headline-chisellers in this country who think they belong around the top. In place of the bottom.

WHAT CLASS MEANS.

It is true enough that top class rarely needs or goes in for any alibi. Class can usually handle itself.

We were talking a day or two ago about the true meaning of class. It usually means the ability to handle the situation in a tough spot.

"I'll give you an illustration, applying to both horses and men," an old-time thoroughbred trainer said.

"I've seen many class horses either get left or get cut off in a race. Many times they can't win. But on

many other times they have the heart and the speed to find a way through and overcome some tough break.

"A horse without class can't do this. He may win with all the breaks in his favour, but he hasn't a chance to win when the breaks are against him. He has to have the luck that a horse of class doesn't always need."

A CASE FOR SOUTHPAWS.

In any season it is easy enough to start an argument. Especially camp arguments. The latest one that has broken out, or rather has been renewed, is whether the right hander or the left hander has a better average in sport.

There are more right-handers than left-handers, so the former get the jump when it comes to quantity. The quality side can stand a brief debate.

Different games have different answers. For example, no left-hander that I can recall has ever won a National Open or a National Amateur Golf Championship.

There are and have been good left-handed golfers. But no Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Byron Nelson or Ben Hogan. No one has been able to explain this peculiar side of golf. It just happens that way. You would think that once in a while, at least, a left-handed golfer would slip in and nip off a big title, but it hasn't happened yet.

Championship tennis has known a few fine left-handers. Heading the list is Norman Brookes, of Australia. Then there was Murray. But the left-handers have no such massed talent to offer as you'll find with Tilden, Budge, Vines, Johnston, Cochet, Lacoste, Larned, McLoughlin, Norris, Williams and many more.

The right-handers have a big bulge there, realising their heavy numerical advantage.

Left-handers in tennis have had a much better average than left-handers in golf.

In the course of the last twenty years or so we have probably heard a

(Continued on Page 10.)

Do You Know?

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McMahon's FOR HAIR AND SCALP

The Sport Round in America

(Continued from Page 9.)

thousand different reasons why left-handers can't win major championships. Few of them make any sense.

We know that most left-handers are bad slicers. So are most right-handers on the average side.

We know there are many more right-handed golfers. But that still doesn't explain why just one from so many thousands, men or women, has never been able to scale the heights.

You'll rarely see a southpaw golfer among the first twenty in any big medal play tournament.

We have even heard that golf courses are laid out for right-handers. This adds up to less than nothing. Good golf courses are built to reward good shots, and to punish slicing or hooking, or any lack of control.

If baseball can offer many left-handed stars, golf should at least be able to make a much better showing than it has so far.

Some day a scientist is going to discover the real reason for golf's mystery about left-handers. His reward will be amazing.

PERENNIAL YOUTH.

The best way to keep young is to hang around with youth.

It was for this reason we made a quick dash recently to sit in with the youngest fellow we know.

His name is Colonel Matt Winn, of Louisville and Churchill Downs. The Colonel is on the borderline of 83 years. As you know, or must know, he saw Aristides win the first Kentucky Derby sixty-eight years ago.

"I threw the calendar away over thirty years ago," he told me. "What do years mean, anyway? I'm a lot younger than a lot of people I know who are only forty-five or fifty. I feel better to-day than I ever did at 50 or 60, and I felt pretty well then."

So I finally got the Colonel looking back over this stretch of sixty-eight years of racing.

I asked the King of the Derby, the Czar of the Blue-Grass country, to tell me the four greatest horses he had ever seen.

As long as Man o' War didn't run in the Derby, the Colonel gently but firmly pushes him aside.

He nominated Exterminator, Twenty Grand, Equipoise and Sarazen, with Alsab first emergency.

Colonel Winn is as brisk and as chipper to-day as he was fifty years ago.

Don't forget he was looking at a Derby winner 27 years before Bobby Jones was born.

The Colonel saw his first Derby 40 years before Babe Ruth hit his first big league home run—44 years before Jack Dempsey stopped Jess Willard at Toledo.

Off and on, one way and another, quite a number of things have happened since Colonel Matt saw Aristides gallop home in 1875.

A Great Artist

Someone who had been reading my memories of the stage asked me to name the greatest artist in my experience. Without hesitation I named Pavlova.

She was a gentle creature and in repose—except for her quick brown eyes—betrayed no suggestion of the fire of the peerless artist.

I remember the pleasure she had in showing me her pet birds—quite an aviary—which she carried round on her tours.

Perhaps Pavlova's love of birds, apart from her interpretative genius, inspired her to etherealise her "Dying Swan" as a supreme embodiment of art.

And that orchestra of the first season—to hear it again would be heaven indeed. Something I had not altogether appreciated in my student days, I realised then—that the Bard was right:

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted . . .

—THE CLUB MAN.

There's Plenty of Money Here —If You Can "Take It"

There are many ways of making a living, but there is one way—boxing—that will never have a competitor so far as the writer is concerned. You have to give too much for what you get—or, the other way round: Some men of the ring have made huge fortunes, but in too many cases the bulk of earnings have been frittered away and the earner left as free of money as a frog is of feathers.

There is one Australian boxer (and I am not giving anything away here) who informed me only weeks back that his ambition was to retire from the ring with more money in the bank than any other man in the same calling in this country's history. The man is "Hockey" Bennell, who was Australian welterweight champion until a few weeks back when he suffered a t.k.o. at the hands of Vic Patrick.

Bennell boasts of the way he has safeguarded shekels won in the hempen square, and states his determination to quit fighting while possessed of all his faculties.

Unfortunately the North Sydney resident is a rarity in his profession. But there's money in the boxing game and it reaches such heights as to put most other callings to shame.

Tommy Farr was never rated by Englishmen as anything to write home about as a boxer, but when he fought Walter Neusel at Harringay Arena before the war the "gate" amounted to £14,000 and his own "cut" twenty-five per cent. of same. After that bout, which he won and made his name a fit one for electric light displays, he fought Joe Louis and collected even larger sums for punches delivered and received. Point is that three years earlier when he met Eddie Steele in a ten rounder at Crystal Palace he received £15 only.

Greatest money-spinner of all was Jack Dempsey, whose earnings read like a romance. Cutting out the smaller amounts garnered, here is his balance-sheet for major events:—Versus Willard, 1919, at Toledo, £113,130; versus Brennan, 1920,

New York, £50,000; versus Carpentier, 1921, New Jersey, £406,645; versus Firpo, 1923, New York, £216,518; versus Tunney, 1926, Philadelphia, £379,145; versus Sharky, 1927, New York, £250,000; versus Tunney, 1927, Chicago, £531,800. Naturally Dempsey did not receive all that, but when he retired from the ring his own assessment of nett earnings was the cool £475,000.

Gene Tunney did not do so badly either. For whipping New Zealander Tom Heeney, he received £131,000 and on the second occasion when he met Dempsey he was handed £200,000 to help buy breakfast for the morrow.

Jack Johnson, who started the "big money" racket when he fought Tommy Burns at Sydney Stadium in 1908, made £100,000 out of boxing but did not hang on to overmuch.

Actually it was Tommy Burns who first made big demands in the Glove Parade. He demanded £6,000 win, lose or draw for the Rushcutters Bay fight, and the late Hugh D. McIntosh paid it. Many thought "Hugh D." two ends and the middle of a fool for "falling" to the demand, but he had the last laugh and made a fortune on the deal.

RULES FOR LIVING.

A little more kindness,
A little less creed,
A little more giving,
A little less greed,
A little more smile,
A little less frown,
A little less kicking
A man when he's down,
A little more "we,"
A little less "I,"
A little more laugh,
A little less cry,
A little more flowers
On the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves
At the end of the strife.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN WERE ENEMIES

Greatest box office attraction of the theatrical world over the past 50 years has been Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. There have been stories galore anent the principals and, as usual, where there is just an ember, flames have grown to enormous proportions. It is a truth that though these two geniuses dovetailed in their work so admirably, they were never good friends and never, at any period fraternised.

Their first combined effort was named "Thespis," and after a few performances was relegated to oblivion. Gilbert went back to writing verse and Sullivan to composing music.

Four years after the "Thespis" tragedy the pair had another shot at short comedy but once again failure resulted.

Then Richard D'Oyly Carte, a shrewd young theatre owner, managed to secure backing for the pair, and they started into full-length operas. Just 65 years back "The Sorcerer" proved a moderate success, but the next effort—"Pinafore"—slumped so badly that on the second night only £14 was taken at the doors. Then Sullivan, who was conducting concerts at Covent Garden, decided to put the "Pinafore" selection on his programme and the tuneless numbers caught public imagination and brought fame. In the next 10 years the pair wrote opera after opera—but rarely met. Gilbert set his plot and sent the verses through the post. Sullivan reduced them to crochets and quavers and posted the result to Gilbert.

They had one big row and Sullivan, in an endeavour to get rid of his partner, said he had no more tunes left. Out of that argument came one of the most popular operas of all "The Mikado," and despite their constant quarrelling the team netted over £500,000 before they parted for ever—over a carpet.

Before the "Gondoliers" was produced Sullivan agreed with D'Oyly
(Continued on page 13.)

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Racecourse Misanthrope

"Disappointed punters, who are always ready to declare 'everything crook.'"—*"Sporting Notions," "The Bulletin," 16/6/'43.*

You can pick him on sight—or you could, anyhow—

By the snarl in his voice and the frown on his brow.

And he'll tell, if you'll listen, how cruel it is

To blow your good brass through some underhand biz.

It may be the jockey he blames for his loss

Or the owner, for "putting a schlenter across,"

But he's done in his dough, you may guess by his look,

The punter who reckons that "everything's crook."

It may be the judge, whom he labels a swab,

Too old or too blind for that onerous job;

It may be the stewards at whom he will froth

And pour on their doings the vials of his wrath;

It may be the start, it may be the course;

Or even the palpably innocent horse May share in the searing anathemas shook

From the punter who's certain that "everything's crook."

He's a fount of resentment, a figure of woe,

Though what it has cost him you never will know.

It may be a tenner, or merely a note, That's slipped from his grasp to the books or the tote.

Yet 'tisn't the boodle that's caused him to storm,

He'll hint, but the folly of studying form.

When ramps are concocted the shrewdest to rook,

He's safe in assuming that "everything's crook."

So it's likely he'll lead the irascible shout,

Exhorting the heads to rub somebody out.

Those sportsmen from Darktown who wagered their tin

On a wrong 'un are types of the mood that he's in.

From the things he imputes you will doubtless decide

That he's hurt in his pocket as well as his pride,

The paramount grievance, unless I'm mistook,

Of the punter who bellows that "everything's crook."

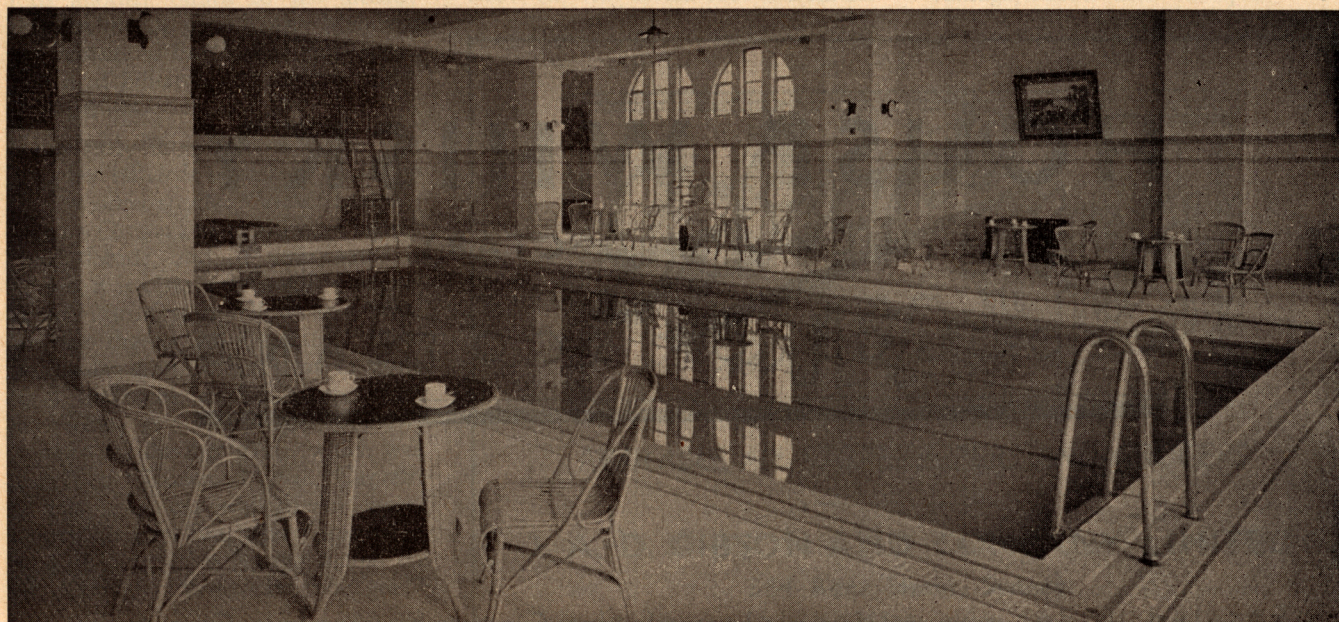
—IFORD in "The Bulletin."

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN WERE ENEMIES

(Continued from page 10.)

Carte to have new carpets costing £500 laid down in front of the theatre. Gilbert disagreed and despite that the show pulled hundreds of pounds at every performance, that carpet expenditure of £500 split the pair for ever. Two years later both went before the curtain to acknowledge applause after a performance of the "Sorcerer," but they did so from opposite wings and took especial care not to recognise each other.

The acting versions of all G. and S. operas are kept faithful to the originals of book and verse, which are locked away safely in one of London's largest vaults. The characters must never vary in Gilbert and Sullivan performances and anywhere, at any time, one sees duplication of what he saw last time and the time before that. Still, we will all be seeing the various operas again because no other librettist and composer have combined so magnificently as these two "enemies" to give us so much musical pleasure in so little time.



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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

New Overseas Champion in Offing — Learn Your Snooker by Playing Billiards

Seems as though champion billiardist Walter Lindrum will have a bunch of new challengers after his crown as soon as Hitler and company have received their quietus and, strange though it may seem, the English blackout is credited with creating the remarkable form of newcomers who are amassing breaks worthy of the highest class.

Forced to stay indoors at night, English youths have sought the green cloth as an outlet for energy, and the established champions have lent a free hand in advising promising colts along the right track.

Barrie Smith, 18 years of age, has advanced his skill with the years and in a recent exhibition game at London Central Y.M.C.A., turned in successive breaks of 167, 185, 275 and 447 in 1,000 up. He was allowed to go over the quota to see how many he could get, but broke down after adding another 74.

Smith is only one of a bunch of twenty or more who are regarded by Newman, Davis, Inman and other champions as being far removed from the average. Incidentally there is no relation between Willie and Barrie of the ilk, and the last-named merely adds another Smith to the already long list of cue exponents. Members will remember Frank, Snr. and Junr., who held billiards and snooker titles in Australia.

Evidently if you are a Smith you can play billiards expertly. It is the same in other sports. Cricket has produced a Gregory in world class nearly every decade, and, if your name is Pearce, it is certain you will be superior to most of your fellows in a boat. Let me digress to illustrate. Two seasons back when the Army instituted a mid-week cricket competition, the writer, in a journalistic capacity, went to see the first game, which was played on Chatswood Oval. Captain of one side was well-known inter-stater, Wendell Bill, who I approached with a view to getting a line on his charges. "Who have you got?" I queried, and Bill replied, "I have no idea. These chaps put their names down for cricket and I have been put

in charge to give them the 'once over,' but I have never met them before." Under the circumstances I suggested it would be hard to find an opening bowler. "Oh, no," said Bill; "that's easy. Look at this name on the list. I am sticking to the blood." The name was Gregory and the owner, a young chap who claimed relationship, although a bit distant, to the famous family. Point is he secured six wickets for eight runs. Next week he was sent overseas, but we will hear more of him in the cricket world is my prediction.

Back to Billiards.

Returning to billiards and snooker, it is surprising that those who started their green-cloth exploits at the multi-ball game do not turn to billiards now and again to improve their ability.

It is a fact that a good billiardist can always play a decent game of snooker, but that a purely snooker addict is lamentably weak at the 3-ball game. There are ample reasons, of course, because in billiards cue control is more accurate and the striker has fewer choices for play. He is forced to make his own positions and get one red and one white working in unison, whereas the snookerist starts off with fifteen reds and six col-

ours. Horace Lindrum, best snooker player in Australia, keeps his form at snooker by practising at billiards, and frankly admits he learned that way. His grandfather, the late Fred Lindrum, Senr., insisted that unless one could wield a true cue at billiards he could never properly learn angles or angle-throw for snooker. It must be obvious to all that with only one red ball on the table the striker must concentrate deeply if that ball is to be pocketed with anything like regularity and, if he can overcome that hurdle, potting with twenty-one balls and as many options plus six pockets makes snooker easy.

Too many snooker players are content to await easy opportunities of potting reds, but the billiards player must make his running right from the start. In pre-war years our club conducted annual snooker tournaments on a handicap basis, and the scratch and near-scratch brigade were always our best billiard players. They learned the game in the right school with only three balls on the table. Admittedly it was harder, but represented the short cut to success at their second fancy. Players who have ambitions can, with advantage, follow their example.



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LITTLE ONES SOMETIMES ARE BIG

There is an old saying that a good big man will always beat a good little man. Don't you believe it. Maybe in boxing circles it is true, but not everyone tries his hand at boxing. Little men have held their own ever since the day David, the underdog and lightweight of Israel, went trotting down into the valley of Elah and gave the k.o. to Goliath of Gath, heavyweight champion of the Philistines.

What is to follow deals exclusively with sport, but men of small stature have made their names in the business world as well. Probably it has never crossed the mind of the reader that we have only one sport in which everyone starts from scratch—cricket. There are no weight divisions here and no team ever gets a start of so many runs before a match starts. Big and little all start from the one mark. It is not the same in any other sphere that comes to mind. Let's look the small chaps over.

GOLF: Bobby Cruickshank, canny Scot, was so small that he could be out-distanced in his drives by almost any player worthy the name but, by accurate club-handling on a short game, toppled many a champion. He dead-heated with Bobby Jones in the 1923 American Open and in the 1932 event Gene Sarazen, well known to

many of our members, had to go flat out in the same event to keep in front. Cruickshank was only a stroke behind at the finish.

TENNIS: "Bitsy" Grant was so small that he could not see over the net, but delighted auditoriums with the manner in which he slayed the good 'uns. Lester B. Stoefen, who stretches 75 inches north and south and hits a tennis ball at the rate of 130 miles per hour, was beaten by Grant on almost every occasion they met. It was "Bitsy" who put the skids under lanky Frank Vines when that worthy first seemed to have world title No. 1 in his grasp. In 1935 he treated red-headed Donald Budge the same way.

CRICKET: Don Bradman, greatest run-getter cricket has ever known, is short in inches, but a Goliath in ability. Syd Gregory, who had the neatest back cut in the game; Stan McCabe, a bundle of worry to bowlers; Charlie Macartney, at one period the greatest all-rounder in the world; Bobby Abel, of England, on whom many later champion batsmen modelled their play. All were pixies in stature but giants in their sphere.

BILLIARDS: Walter Lindrum, Horace Lindrum, Willie Smith. How would the reader like to take any one of the trio on for a "monkey"?

SWIMMING: Let's dismiss this example in a phrase. What about our own Billy Longworth in his hey-day? Not so tall, but very few even nearly as good!

ICE HOCKEY: In 1939—just before the time Hitler went mad—the recognised world champion was Ken Doraty, who had forgotten to grow up and weighed only seven stone twelve pounds, but opponents said the whole of that bulk was in his brains. Anyway he was impervious to brawn.

MOTORING: Peter di Paolo weighed under ten stone, but rose to be acknowledged world's driver No. 1.

FOOTBALL (Soccer): Acknowledged champion in England a few years back, "Fanny" Walden had twinkling feet which baffled all the highest paid stars of Soccerdom. A famous international full-back was once asked how it was he could never stop Walden, who was abnormally short in build, and his reply was to the point: "Stop him? How the ——— can I stop him if I can't see him?"

Taken by and large, it is apparent that inches matter very little in our make-up so long as what is there is good. The "Davids" give quite a heap of trouble and, just to clear the mind of the reader about the writer, I stand six feet six inches in my socks!

RACING FIXTURES

OCTOBER — DECEMBER, 1943

OCTOBER.

No Racing Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C. Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. Saturday, 23rd
City Tattersall's Club . . Saturday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

Ascot Saturday, 6th
Rosehill Saturday, 13th

NOVEMBER—(Continued)

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th

DECEMBER.

Victoria Park Saturday, 4th
Red Cross Art Union Race
Meeting Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. Saturday, 18th
No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th

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In the early 1840's there commenced a great rush for land in the southern districts of the colony and over the barely-marked tracks, drovers and teamsters, with herds and flocks, moved southward towards the great holding—more than 1,000 square miles—of Benjamin Boyd, of Boydstown fame.

The holding was near what some called "The Sand-Hills," and others "The Woolshed," but Mr Boyd named it Deniliquin. after, so it was said, the name of a chief of the local aboriginals—Denilakoon.

It is interesting to note that the homestead of Boyd's run was situated on the east side of the township, on a point of the river near the junction of the present Albury and Prince Streets.

By 1843 the following stations had been established: "Warbreccan," "Moir," "North Deniliquin," "Wakool," "Perricoota," "The Slaughterhouse," (so called because of the depredations of the blacks) and "Baratta," "Wera" and "Morago."

Pioneers apart from Ben Boyd and Henry Sayer Lewes included: Phillips, Graves and Pattison on the west, Innes-Shaw and Burches on the north, Hillas and Phillpotts on the east, Lester, Hennessy, Barber, Redfern and Alexander, and McLauren and Stuckey on the south. The Gwynes and the Wills also took up land.

Little shearing was done in the Deniliquin district in 1842, but some impetus was given to this work when Henry Lewes, on Moira Station, built an ingenious contrivance—the envy of local settlers—for pressing wool by means of a lever instead of by the use of spades.

The location of the Deniliquin township was, in the forties, an important crossing place of the Edward River for stock being taken to the Melbourne markets.

At this time, Boyd had the Wanderers' Inn and roads from Albury, Melbourne, Gundagai and Lower Murrumbidgee all converged to this Inn, where stockmen and diggers making for the Victorian goldfields found the only entertainment that could be had in these distant parts.

A man prominent in the early progress of Deniliquin was John Taylor, who arrived in 1853, and who did much towards the building and development of the present town. To John Taylor undoubtedly goes the honour of its foundation.

Nearing the 60's, Frank Sadler Falkiner, the founder of the renowned "Boonoke" merino flock arrived, but he was preceded by the pioneers of stud-sheep breeding in that district, the famous Peppin brothers.

In 1861, the citizens of Deniliquin applied to the Board of National Education for the establishment of a public school, which was duly opened the following year with an enrolment of 56 pupils.

In 1865 the then Governor of New South Wales received the extraordinary proposal that the whole western part of New South Wales should be separated into an independent colony, with the township of Deniliquin as its capital. Seeing that at the time Deniliquin had not been gazetted a municipality, the proposal spoke volumes for its importance as a centre for settlers.

The proposition was not granted but in 1868 the town was given the dignity of incorporation and James Watson elected as the first Mayor.

The "Pastoral Times," Deniliquin's first newspaper, came into being in 1859.

During the 1870's, the district received an increase of some hundreds of families and for 20 years after this saw such an abundance of money that Deniliquin acquired the reputation of being one of the most prosperous townships in Australia.

The railway line, Deniliquin to Moama, was officially opened on 4th June, 1876, by William Hay, the member for Murray. This line was not built by the Government, which had refused all petitions on the matter, but had eventually passed the Deniliquin—Moama Railway Act, enabling the citizens to build it for themselves.

In 1876, the first Pastoral and Agricultural Society was formed and the first Show held in 1877 on an area of 5 acres between Macaulay and Hardinge Streets.

The district at that time was still purely pastoral and no wheat was available for Show purposes.

By 1899, the first great wave of prosperity had receded and Deniliquin was in the grip of drought. The Riverina Journal at this time described the town as "commercially stagnant."

But "land hunger" altered all this and by 1900 Deniliquin, with accommodation unobtainable, and tents housing hordes of land-seekers, presented the appearance of a newly-rushed goldfield.

So came the second rush for land to Deniliquin. Following the first flock-owners came the wheat farmers of whom J. V. Ingram led the way.

Land values in 15 years rose

from £1 to £10 per acre and in the peak year 1926, from three railway stations in the Deniliquin district, half a million bags of wheat were trucked to Melbourne.

Wheat growers have pioneered many parts of the State, and while that honour goes to cattle and wool producers in Deniliquin, wheat growers have been responsible for much of the subdivision and closer settlement of the district.

To-day a new era is dawning for Deniliquin. Irrigation!

The Wakool Irrigation Scheme which covers an area devoted mainly to grazing pursuits has been put into operation. By its aid settlers on this area to the west of Deniliquin are being assisted to combat drought, establish pastures and develop the fat lamb industry.

Another plan to develop the potentialities of the south-western Riverina in the Deniliquin district is the Deniboota Water Scheme which has been approved but on which construction work cannot be carried out owing to the intervention of war.

To the east of Deniliquin is the Berriquin Irrigation Scheme which embraces an agricultural district and which although only partially completed as yet, has materially assisted some hundreds of settlers.

In a post-war world the benefits of irrigation to the Deniliquin district will be of tremendous importance and the means of bringing that greater production and greater prosperity which will give new life, new prospects and new hope to a world of peace.

The Deniliquin district supports hundreds of thousands of sheep in addition to cattle and has an annual wheat yield which runs into approximately half a million bushels.

There are also many acres under oats and a substantial annual butter production. And round Deniliquin on the vast plains are world-famed merino studs, including the largest in the world, the famous Boonoke.

In the fine town a great deal of building has taken place in the not far-distant past and Deniliquin, with its tree-lined streets, the willow-ringed lagoon, Waring Park, and the bridges across the Edward River, presents a most attractive picture.

The town is not lacking in all that makes for modern comfort and living, for there is an up-to-date electric lighting scheme, a radio station, 2QN, two newspapers and facilities for sport and recreation.

And so from the enterprise of that pioneer of commercial vision, Benjamin Boyd, and the untiring efforts of John Taylor, has evolved Deniliquin—prosperous agricultural and pastoral centre—whose progress links a tribute to the past with the brighter hope which post-war irrigation will bring.



Deniliquin Branch.

The RURAL BANK

OF NEW SOUTH WALES